

# THE SUMTER BANNER.

VOLUME II. SUMTERVILLE, SOUTH-CAROLINA, MARCH 15, 1848. NUMBER 20.

**THE SUMTER BANNER:**  
PUBLISHED EVERY-WEDNESDAY MORNING, BY  
WILLIAM J. FRANCIS.

**TERMS:**  
Two Dollars in advance, Two Dollars and Fifty-cents at the expiration of six months, or Three Dollars at the end of the year.  
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Proprietor.  
Advertisements inserted at 75 cts. per square, (14 lines or less), for the first and half that sum for each subsequent insertion.  
The number of insertions to be marked on all Advertisements or they will be published until ordered to be discontinued, and charged accordingly.  
One Dollar per square for a single insertion. Quarterly and Monthly Advertisements will be charged the same as a single insertion, and semi-monthly the same as new ones.  
All Obituary Notices exceeding six lines, and Communications recommending Candidates for public offices or trust—or puffing Exhibitions, will be charged as Advertisements.  
All letters by mail must be paid to insure punctual attendance.

## Agricultural.

From the Abbeville Banner.  
**GREENWOOD, S. C.**  
FEBRUARY 14, 1848.

**Mr. C. H. Allen:**—Permit me through the medium of your paper to call the attention of the planters of this and the adjoining Districts to the importance of the Mississippi Scraper. Having visited Mississippi in the spring of 1846, I was forcibly impressed with its utility in the culture of Cotton. I procured a model from a practical planter of that State and had some made and used them the past year on my plantation, and I can confidently recommend them to the public as one of the most efficient instruments for the cultivation of Cotton I have ever seen. The stock is made similar to the common plows in use in the country, with this exception that they are much heavier, the foot being six inches square at the end when the scraper is fastened and the other parts in proportion. The scraper is nine and a half inches wide and fourteen inches long and laid with steel on the edge and ground sharp, and is fastened to the stock with a bolt and screw. When properly fixed a good plowman can shave all the grass and dirt from the cotton, and pile it in the middle of the row without breaking the bed, and the cotton is left on a beautiful straight ridge about three inches wide, which will enable a hand with a hoe to chop out at least one half more in a day. After scraping and chopping out one or two days, the turning plow should follow and throw the soil back to the cotton which will support and keep it from falling. The second working should be done in the same way, with this exception that the grass should be chopped out and the cotton reduced to a stand after the scraper has been run round it, and then the earth thrown back with the plow. The third working should also be done in like manner, after which I use the sloop in laying by. I am satisfied that much hard labor can be saved by the scraper on the plan recommended above and that every planter can cultivate at least two acres to the hand more than by the usual mode of cultivating cotton. And I recommend the scraper to the white population of our district who labor, on account of the great saving of work done with the hoe which they all know to be the chief difficulty in cultivating a cotton crop. My object is to benefit the planting interest of our district and add to the productive wealth of the State, which is my apology for intruding on the columns of your paper.

I am yours Respectfully,  
THOMAS B. BYRD.  
**Direction for making Stock for Scraper:**  
Helve 4 1-2 feet long and 6 inches square at foot; beam 3 1-2 feet long from point to helve; and from lower part of beam to upper part of shoulder cut to receive the scraper 9 inches on the right hand side and 10 1-2 on the left—1-2 inch deep on the left side, and 2 inches on the right which will be perceived will make the right hand side of the scraper lowest; from point of scraper to lower edge of beam, perpendicular 14 1-2 inches; give 2 1-2 inches land.

T. B. B.

**PLEASURES OF AGRICULTURE.**—The employments of agriculture, independent of their profit, are most congenial and pleasing to human nature. An uncorrupted mind sees in the progress of vegetation, and the habits and dispositions and uses of those animals which man has subjected to his sway, charms and beauties which the objects of art can seldom afford. The occupations of husbandry are more favorable too, to health, to plenty, to repose, and to innocence. Can the pursuits of low and vicious gratifications, can luxurious indulgences, can the restless cares, the fears and anxieties of the ambitious, be compared with the labors and enjoyments of him whose days are spent in superintending the culture of his fields? Such a life is not inconsistent with a highly cultivated and polished mind. It is by no means necessary that they who engage in rural labors, should contract coarseness of manners, or vulgarity of sentiment.

From the Laurens Herald.  
**ROTATION OF CROPS.**  
FARMINGTON PLACE, Feb. 16, 1848.

**Mr. Editor:**—As the season of planting is fast approaching, allow one, who makes no pretensions in writing for public scrutiny,—to offer a few suggestions, by way of random shot, to your readers; and especially those of them, who are interested in the accelerated progress, and speedy development of the science of Agriculture, such as is practically applicable to our section of country. And as our staple commodity is still growing cheaper, and yet seems to be monopolizing our time and energies; for which present prices do not yield sufficient indemnity—leaving out of the consideration, the exhaustion of our lands by a continued series of Cotton crops, without alternating with some other growth,—having to keep the soil exposed and clean in order to get a full yield, and thereby rendering it more liable to wash from a want of due admixture with litter. I would suggest a change, by which we might more effectually prevent our undulating lands from washing away—continue to improve the fertility of the soil, and the eventual pecuniary realization be equal, if not superior, to our present mode of proceeding in cultivating our lands; so injurious and exhausting to the soil, viz: alternating with small grain, corn, peas, &c., more frequently, to assist our ditched bulwarks in preventing and altering the dolorous gulched aspect, which the hilly land of Carolina has, too long, been wont to assume, and that too, from a want of a small amount of very necessary care and pains, which have such a direct and important bearing upon our farming interest.

But the influence of habit is so great, and the Cotton mania, is such a prevailing epidemic in this latitude, that it is a matter almost impossible to scare, or drive it out of the minds of the farmers; and it would be much ado, if the rail-road Doctor could work it out of them, by sprinkling gold dust at their doors and along their borders, sufficient to count them 75 or 100 for their corn and potatoes. You may talk to farmers of the propriety and superiority of a change in the relative amount of the growth of their respective products, and they will yield obsequious assent to your suggestion; but the ensuing fall, exhibits the snowy locks, in as abundant profusion as the preceding year—thus showing the influence of habit and mania, by their practice, over their judgment as acknowledged in theory.

Last year we looked down toward Columbia, from Greenville and Laurens, and could almost see in the windy distance, the rich smoke from the pine-knots of the low country, issuing from a steam engine—in the distance our ears caught the rumbling sound of the invulnerable wheels—growing under rich laden ears of acceptable imports. And we had well nigh begun to trim and enlarge our orchards—to save a greater amount of potatoes—to enlarge our strawberry and planting-beds—to turn our patches into gardens, and to increase the number of our swine, poultry and kine, and to cause the Indian fassel, and the small-grain bloom of May and June to wave triumphantly o'er our cotton fields; with which to lade the returning car. But alas! the jarring discords of sectional selfishness, have hushed the sound though harsh, yet musical—euphonious to the ear; and the sight so magnificent—beautiful—grand—has vanished from the sight of our mental visions, and seems "as a dream when 'tis past, as a tale that has been told." But to return from this digression, as we can't get the road now; let's raise some rice any how. A good team can haul 80 or 100 bushels in a rough state to Columbia; and in this condition, it always demands \$1. in our Metropolis. We have plenty of low moist lands that would suit the production of rice kindly. One of my neighbors informs me that he, by way of experiment, planted one quart of rice in drills on a small spot of new bottom; and without cultivation, and a slight digging with the garden-hoe, it yielded 8 bushels of rough rice. One bushel of seed planted, probably requiring 2 acres of ground would yield 320 bushels or 320 dollars according to the price already specified—deducting from the expenses, only, of transportation, which would, of course have to be deducted also from any other commodity to ascertain its net proceeds.

Another gentleman, under my own observation, raised 50 bushels from one acre with but very slight cultivation. In our sister district Anderson, the raising of rice is exciting considerable interest; the greatest impediment is the want of suitable mills for cleaning it. A friend related to me, when speaking of its importance, that he was present at a meeting in that district—where a subscription for some benevolent purpose was presented—when several gentlemen said, they had no money to give but if rice would be taken as money they would subscribe; their proposition was accepted to on their own terms—and their rice which was considered as an ample equivalent soon turned into money. Last spring Mr. Charles Key had a load of rice passing through this district from whom I purchased as good clean rice as I would wish to have, for \$2.50 per bushel. In concluding these remarks I would earnestly request others to give the public, through the columns of your paper, the result and benefit of their experience on this subject.

R. Q.—Laurens.

## Miscellaneous.

### BE KIND TO THE OLD.

Oh! be kind to those who are in the autumn of life, for thou knowest not what sufferings they may have endured, how much it may still be their portion to bear. Are they querulous and unreasonable? allow not thine anger to kindle against them; rebuke them not, for doubtless, many and severe have been the crosses and trials of earlier years, and perchance dispositions in the "springtime of life," were more gentle and flexible than thine own. Do they require aid of thee? then render it cheerfully, and forget not that the time may come, when thou mayest desire the same assistance from others, that now thou renderest unto them.

**THE WIFE.**—It is astonishing to see how well a man may live on a small income, who has a handy and industrious wife. Some men live and make a far better appearance on six or eight dollars a week than others do on fifteen or eighteen dollars. The man does his part well; but the wife is good for nothing. She will even upbraid her husband for not living in as good style as her neighbor; while the fault is entirely her own. His neighbor has a neat, capable and industrious wife, and that makes the difference. His wife, on the other hand, is a whirlpool into which a great many silver cups might be thrown, and the appearance of the water would remain unchanged. No Nicholas the driver is there to restore the wasted treasure. It is only an insult for such a woman to talk to her husband about her love and devotion.

**NO LAND LIKE AMERICA.**—The Hon. Mr. Winthrop, of Boston, who has recently returned from Europe, addressing a political meeting in Faneuil Hall, last week, said:

"He had recently returned from other and distant lands. He had stood in the halls of world-wide renown; he had stood in the hall where Chatham fell dead, while vindictive, in burning words of eloquence, the cause of the American colonies and of American freedom. He had been at Runnymede, where the bold barons wrung from King John the Magna Charta—the constitution of England. He had stood on the field of Bannockburn, where the Bruce won the liberty of Scotland; and on the 4th of July last, amid the wild hills and mountains of Switzerland—the land of Tell—he had in company with a companion and countryman, toasted once again his native and beloved land. But, amid all his wanderings, he had seen no land like his own land—no hall like Faneuil Hall—no plains like those of Lexington—and no rock like that of Plymouth."

**AMERICAN HURRY.**—A writer thus discourses very sensibly, and to the point:

"Look at the theatres—the people come rushing in the middle of a piece; and before the curtain begins to fall, or the tag to be spoken, or the moral explained, up starts a hundred people in a tremendous hurry to get out, as if their lives depended on being somewhere else in two minutes and a half. How many fine effects in a play—how many *chef d'œuvres* in a concert have we seen utterly destroyed by this ill-mannered and indecent haste."

"Cross a ferry, and long before the boat arrives, two-thirds of the passengers are crowded at the head of the boat, ready to jump ashore, risking life and limb to save ten seconds of time—a child is knocked overboard—a boy's foot smashed, or a young man in the first bloom crippled for life. What matter! That man now walking leisurely up the street got ashore nearly half a minute earlier than he would have done had he not run the same risk and caused perhaps the accident."

"Get into an omnibus, and with one foot on the step and the other inside, the driver pulls the door to, whips his horses, and you are pitched head first into a stout old gentleman's diaphragm, or settle down into a sentimental lady's lap."

Now, what in the name of wonder is the cause of all this—do we gain anything? No! Do we enjoy anything in this everlasting rush? No! Do we live longer or die more happy? No!"

### HOW A MAN FEELS WHEN HE'S DRUNK.

"Never was drunk but once in my life," said a chap once in my hearing, "and I never mean to be again. The street seemed to be very steep and I lifted my feet at every step as I was getting up stairs. Several cart-wheels were making revolutions in my brains, and at one time I fancied my head was a large carving and turning establishment, the lathes of which I was keeping in motion with my own feet. I wouldn't conceive what was the reason the town had turned into such an enormous hill; and what made it worse was that it seemed all the time to be growing higher and threatened to pitch over on me. Stop, stop! said I, and I'll head this old hill yet, or at least, it shan't head me! I turned round to go down and get at the bottom; tell me, if it didn't turn right round with me, heading me all the time, presenting the high bluff in front of me. Well, sure enough, the ground flew up and struck me on the forehead; and as soon as the stars cleared away, I commenced climbing with my hands and knees. The next thing I saw was a big brick-house coming full split round a corner and I believe it run right over me, for I don't remember any more."

### HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFE.

"A place for everything and everything in its place," said the patriarch to his daughter. "Select a wife, my son, who will never step over a broomstick." The son was obedient to the lesson—"Now," said he, pleasantly, on a gay May day, to one of his companions, "I appoint that broomstick to choose me a wife." The young lady who will not step over it shall have the offer of my hand. They passed from the splendid saloon to the grove; some stumbled over the broomstick, and others jumped over it. At length a young lady stooped and put it in its place. The promise was fulfilled; she became the wife of an educated and wealthy young man, and he the husband of a prudent, industrious, and lovely wife. He brought a fortune to her, and she knew how to keep one. It was not easy to decide which was under the greatest obligation; both were rich, and each enriched the other.

Dow, Jr., discourses to the girls as follows:

"My young maidens—I know you all want to get married as soon as you enter your teens but it is better to remain single and live upon the cold soup of solitude, than to be married to misery or wed to woe—I have but a poverty-stricken opinion of the major portion of our sex. They are corrupted by the misceled refinements of age, so inflated with pride, so foolish by fashion, so afraid of the soil on which they tread, so given to cultivating whistlers and mustaches while their morals are in a wretched state, for want of weeding, and overgrown with hair, vanity and laziness, that scarcely one out of twenty is any more to be trusted with a wife, than a hog is with a garland of flowers."

### THE MOUSE IN LIQUOR.

The Juvenile Society, composed of a large number of the youth in Rev. Dr. Skinner's church, held their anniversary in the Lecture-room, on the 8th of April and were addressed by the Hon. Mr. Frelinhuysen, Mr. Blatchford, and other gentlemen, in a very interesting manner. This branch of the N. Y. Cold water Army is doing nobly.

from London, apologized for much of the folly of drunkards by the following story of the Cat and the Mouse;  
A mouse ranging about a brewery happened to fall into one of the vats of beer, was in imminent danger of drowning, and appealed to a cat to help him out. The cat replied it is a foolish request, for as soon as I get out I shall eat you. The mouse piteously replied that fate would be better than to be drowned in beer. The cat lifted him out but the fumes of beer caused puffy to sneeze; the mouse took refuge in his hole. The cat called upon mousy to come out—"You rascal, did you not promise that I should eat you?" "Ah!" replied mousy, "but you know I was in liquor at the time."

**A SINGULAR INCIDENT.**—A late number of the New York Sun contained the following advertisement:

"If the cabinian who brought a gentleman to the Astor House, at about 11 o'clock this morning (Monday) will call at the office and leave word with either of the clerks, at what street and number he found the gentleman, he will be most liberally rewarded."

This mysterious notice set everybody wondering and guessing. After a few days the mystery was solved by the New York correspondent of a Boston paper; and the facts, as he represents them, make out a case such as has rarely occurred in New York or elsewhere. It appears by the statement that a gentleman arrived in New York from Syracuse with \$15,000, for the purpose of making purchases. Having selected his goods and got his drafts cashed, he started off with three fine fellows (drummers) upon a spree. After getting pretty well excited at a game of ten pins—nothing more—they explored the unknown regions of Church and Leonard streets, kept up the game for two or three days—until at last our country merchant found himself, by some mysterious agency, leaning over and area railing in Walker street, and there all consciousness left him, together with some \$12,000 in cash and \$300 worth of jewelry, at 3 o'clock in the morning. The first returning dawn of reason hit him hard at about 10 o'clock on Monday Morning, when he awoke in bed, and, glancing at his under and only covering, discovered its material to be coarse cotton, instead of fine linen! which, operating (like a brandy smasher) as an eye-opener, he raised himself, sane, and espied a very fair girl ironing at a side table, while his clothes were hanging upon chairs before the fire. "Will you have the kindness to tell me, Miss, how the deuce I came here?" "Yes, sir: I saw you in Walker street about 3 o'clock in the morning, clinging to a lamp post, and as you could not name to me your residence or destination, I took the liberty of bringing you to my lodgings. [and of relieving me of the balance of my money, thought he.]—Your clothes were soiled, as was your linen. I have washed the one and cleaned the others, and they will be ready in a few moments. I believe I had a small sum of money about me last night, Miss! ejaculated he, like a man conscious of his own ruin. "Not a very small sum, sir," she replied; "but here it is, sir, with the

watch and jewelry. The gentleman, dressed himself in haste, and slipping a \$100 note into her hand, hurried down stairs, jumped into a cab she had ordered at his request, and was soon set down at the Astor House; nor was it until on narrating his wonderful escape from robbery, and a friend inquiring where this singular creature lived, that he cursed his stupidity at not having taken notice of the location.

### A HORSE STORY.

Mr. De la—, is an elderly French gentleman, of noble connections, but altered fortunes; he sustains himself, however, in a handsome position in society by his talents, and is withal a model of gentlemanly deportment and feeling. He not long since bought a splendid looking horse for one hundred and fifty dollars, which however proved to have a very vile trick of stumbling; and after three narrow escapes of his neck, Monsieur was obliged to request our auctioneer friend to include the animal in his next sale. The morning came, and the owner also, was in attendance—from a conscientious motive, however. The horse was of fine blood, admirable condition, and the bidding, to the owner's great tribulation, became quite spirited.

"Mon Dieu!" he uttered, "tis rascals shame for me not to speak!"  
"One hundred dollars—going—going—going; magnificent saddle horse, and kind in harness. One hundred—thank you—hundred and five—going—hundred and ten; sold for no fault!"  
"Broke my neck tree time," said the scrupulous Frenchman, in an agony, and catching the auctioneer, by the skirt, the company wandering, meanwhile, what that tall figure behind the salesman was dancing about.

"Hundred and fifteen—twenty—thank you; sound in every particular, sure of gait and warranted!"

"No, no, no, not warranted!" groaned Monsieur. "Mon Dieu, 'tis swindale! Knock him down without the hundred."

The auctioneer, however, considered that he should suffer as little as possible from it. He proceeded.

"Hundred and twenty-five!"

"Ten dollars more for me, and stop the sale," cried the French owner! but the crowd only saw in him an anxious competitor, and they became more eager.

"Thank you, Monsieur," continued the auctioneer. "Hundred and thirty-five—forty—forty-five—fifty-five—the Napoleon or breed—sixty!"

"Diablo! c'est pas honorable! Stop the sale! You vas have constable vas me!"  
The excitement of the tenacious gentleman became extreme; and when the hammer at length descended, leaving him a handsome gainer by the sale, he stole away to muse upon the gullibility of man, the frailty of horse flesh, and the great probability of his being overhauled for something dreadful and sent to the State Prison, at least! Six hours—the extent of the warrant—expired, however, without the horse being returned, and Monsieur now rides a finer animal, with an easier conscience.

An exchange paper says—"A Miss Brown preaches in England in a state of somnambulism; in this country it is generally the reverse—the preacher is wide awake, and the audience asleep."

The Millerites have fixed upon another day for the grand burst up of worldly affairs. It is to come in May next, when according to their calculations, the world will be 6,000 years of age for certain, and will take its freedom blow out. They are getting ready for it at Leroy, New York.

**STIR UP THEM MUNKIES.** An exchange gives the following touching harangue, delivered in a late menagerie scene.

This ladies and gentlemen, is the natural kangaroo the animal what approaches to man second only to the baboons it skips about with much velocity on its hind legs of which it has two from rock to rock. It would be much more like man if it hadn't a tail but this defect it remedies with much art. It curls it gently into its waistcoat pocket and nobody is any the wiser. It feeds principally upon what he can get, and is found in the island of Borneo, which I have a brother who was born there myself. My brother has often seen the kangaroos as well as me feeding upon clams by the sea shore, admiring the sweetness of the meat and shaving themselves with the shells. The kangaroo is remarkable for his valise, which is a natural decaying in his abdomen, into which he puts his kittens and is exceedingly portable. These are the guinea pigs from the Island of Guinea: they are as yellow as guineas, and cost one guinea apiece.

**THE ETHIOPIANS.**—Lucy Neal, says an English paper, has returned, after a sojourn of many months, to Ethiopia, where, it is to be hoped, she will pass the remainder of her days. She was accompanied by Mr. Daniel Tucker, Miss Mary Blane, a large suite of Buffalo gals, and other sable bores.

Specie to a very large amount was carried off by Bones and his numerous instruments.

"Miss Scraphine, do you write prose or poetry for the Magazine?" "Nary, one—I writes small hand."